same feeling, the same fear of the Kananchahó, aroused even in the inhabitants of this latter village a desire to abandon it and to settle under the protection of the Whites on Bananal Island. Reverend Kegel told me that when he arrived at Porto Salvação in 1934 he was visited by Kamairahó who came to the river bank especially to ask him to come back, to have large boats built, and to take the entire tribe to Macauba. The reason for this request was fear of the Kayapó. It was assumed that they had killed 20 men and women from Tampiitáua who had not returned from a hunting trip. Mr. Kegel told the most influential man among the Tapirapé that it would be impossible to feed the whole tribe since there was no longer time to prepare plots on the land of the Evangelical Union.

When we heard the harrowing cry of the potoo during the night of June 23, 1935, the Tapirapé took this as a sign that the Kayapó were coming. Four days later, at night, as I stretched out on my net beside Kamairahó's hammock, the Indian "bigwig" said, "I am afraid." I retorted, with the courteous arrogance proper to a "captain [chief]" of my rank, "I am here, and therefore you need not be afraid." A little later [102:124], Kamairahó inquired, on account of the Kayapó, whether I had with me the "little killer," as we used to call the revolver to differentiate it from the "big killer," or rifle. I told him that I always slept well armed, and he laughed happily.

At the nocturnal group dances, the men hold a heavy club or bush knife in their hands, and this is not just to mark time since during the day they find an arrow or bow adequate for that purpose.

On the evening of July 8, as I talked with Mr. Kegel in front of the little house beside the village which had been built for him and camarada Daniel, several men and women came running, one of the men holding a bush knife and another a club, and they told us excitedly that there were Kananchahó in the neighboring forest. Followed by an Indian, I proceeded immediately to the spot they had pointed out. We found nothing, and I calmed the Tapirapé by telling them that the Kananchahó were sleeping very far away. They returned in silence to their hammocks, and a middle-aged woman merely said, "They will come when the moon goes to sleep."

When I stretched out in my hammock, Kamairahó, who was already lying in his hammock with his wife, smiled at me as usual and greeted me courteously with the customary "papanekã (you have come)." I asserted, no less decorously, "Hm, hm, ẽ, ẽ." He went on, still smiling, "Kananchahó around. Kananchahó coming. I'm afraid." Although he did not seem particularly scared in spite of this statement, I calmed him with a few words as I had done with the others, and he immediately laughed, changed the subject, and jested with his wife.

Later, it became evident that the presence of Kayapó in the neighboring forest had been invented by Anavaní, a somewhat foolish youth of about 17. On the following morning he confessed that he had lied. He probably wanted to make himself important. The general readiness to believe him shows the state of mind of the Tapirapé toward their feared neighbors. Incidentally, on the day when Kamairahó showed me the smoke pillars of the "Ampaneã" to the southwest, he showed me a similar display by the Kayapó to the north.

The non-material defenses show that the Kananchahó are regarded as the Number One enemy. Although the Karajá are also feared, only the northern neighbors, by what I was able to observe, are the object of parodies, violently abusive songs, and mocking pantomimes. On June 24, the Tapirapé, in a weeping tone, sang a seemingly obscene chant about the Kananchahó, which aroused endless laughter. It was sung in the men's house, where other youths gave a ludicrous impersonation of those enemies, emitting their would-be tribal cry, running and jumping crazily hither and yon, gesticulating with angry excitement, and hitting the house stakes with their clubs. At the same time, in front of the house, other men accompanied by the women and children danced and sang the kaó, the danced song that derives its warlike character not only from the weapons in the hands of the warriors and from their serious look, but also from the powerful rhythm of stamping feet and the menacing quality of the guttural sounds.

[102:125] While all this pertains to night performances, another spectacle took place two days later in daylight. It was a dramatization of the supposed Kayapó attack on the 20 Tapirapé who had failed to return from the hunt during the previous year. Six youths, holding on to each other in friendly fashion two by two,

In this regard one should mention, first and foremost, the survivors of the village abandoned in 1932. They may be distinguished from the other inhabitants of Tampiitáua by their scowl, their perennial tendency to make mocking remarks in a low voice, and their lack of hospitality. Their village, located "ten days' march" to the north, reputedly hated the Whites. It established contact with Tampiitáua through trade and a few marriages. I still found about 20 of those "enemies," counting the men, women, and children. I got along well with them. One of them, Maninohó, became my close friend and an exception among his people in his increasingly hospitable behavior toward me. This did not prevent many Tampiitáua people from hating him. Perhaps it even increased the antagonism.

Gradually, I learned that the 20 individuals who disappeared in 1934 had been, for the most part, former inhabitants of the village that became extinct in 1932. Mr. Kegel recalled that already in 1933 there was a rumor in Tampiitáua that they would move far away. They were, on the whole, unpopular and remained enemies of the Whites. When they left, they took with them everything they owned. They walked away towards the north. A sorcerer--medicine man, an influential and vigorous man who had been accused of causing the death of Kamairá's wife, joined them and became their leader. They had not been seen again in 1935, and it was so widely believed that they had been killed by the Kayapó that, as I have already mentioned, the whole tribe wanted to run away to Macauba and later commemorated the attack through the pantomime described earlier. There was no absolute certainty, however, as to the end met by the 20 persons. It was said, as I have already mentioned, that they never returned from a hunting trip. All the Tapirapé I asked spoke of this communal hunt, but it is probable that those 20 persons were expelled from the community. It is well to note, however, that this hypothesis would not be corroborated by the fact that they took with them everything they owned. Indeed, they left at the very time when the entire village was being transferred to a new site. Furthermore, when people leave the village for several days with their families in order to hunt or fish communally, they usually take along all their household goods, which as a rule are quite easy to carry because they are few and light in weight.

235 [113:198] I did not see any tamed animals in Tampiitaua. In my talks with the inhabitants, however, I gathered that, like Indians in general, they would have liked to have such animals, and that they had formerly owned various mammals and wild birds. The most important among these were the red-blue-and-green macaw (Ara chloroptera Gray, arana in Tapirapé), much rarer in the Araguaia basin than the blue-and-yellow macaw (Ara ararauna Lin., kaninė in Tapirapé), for the [113:199] former's red feathers are more highly prized as ornaments than the latter's blue and yellow ones. This is the case not only among the Tapirapé, 171 but also among the Karajá, and this is why shortly before my ar- 235 rival to the Araguaia a man of this tribe of canoemen had traded in a canoe, which at that time and in that area was worth from 50 to 100 milreis or one rifle, for the nestling of a red-blue-and-green macaw. At the time when the Karajá traded regularly with 439 the Tapirapé, these nestlings were one of the chief commodities of trade.

This trade, through which the Tupi tribe received iron articles [412] in exchange for tamed macaws, urucú, hammocks, quartz tembetá, [241] and other products of their industry, actually played a decisive role in their subsistence, owing especially to the importance of the iron tools in farming. In this respect, it was fortunate for the Tapirapé that they established direct contact with the Whites shortly after they broke relations with the Karajá. For the lack of iron tools among people who had never worked with stone axes would probably have led either to rash behavior in their "foreign relations," or to intratribal conflicts.

Thus, as far as the subsistence of the Tapirapé is concerned, 797 their most important relations with the Whites are their contacts with [412] the Dominicans, which have occurred with some regularity every year or two since 1914 and which keep them supplied with the necessary tools. Actually, no real trading is involved in this case, since as a rule the Indians are not required to furnish any products of their industry in exchange for the materials, but only to pay attention to certain words and procedures peculiar to the Fathers. This 437 is not to say that they are ignorant of the concept of reciprocal trade ● 123 with the Whites. When I wanted to acquire an arrow for my collection, they not only knew how to set high prices, but also how to raise the value of the common object by calling it a "captain's

123 437 [chief's] arrow." This "mercantilism" even operated in the area of "spiritual" (or "non-material") culture, for just as they had bartered dances and songs with the Karajá, they also demanded songs from me in exchange for theirs, and I had to teach them a song from my childhood, in which the fox is accused of having [533] stolen the goose ("Fuchs, du hast die Gans gestohlen") to learn from them a children's ballad dealing with a mouse.

When the Tapirapé bartered among themselves, I observed considerable haggling. [Ed., end of Vol. 113.]

Chapter 9

[114:185] The Diet

262 824 The last chapter referred to the importance of plants in the Tapirapé diet. First and foremost, there is manioc. Aside from fish, it is the only food mentioned in these Indians' description of [772] the second heaven, that is, the mythical invisible heaven lying above our visible one. The inhabitants of Tampiitáua call the roots of that Euphorbiacea by the generic name mandiaga. Ayrosa (4, 112) questions the Tupi origin of the word mandioca [manioc].

Like the Tupinambá, the Tapirapé have both "wild manioc" [171] (Manihot utilissima Pohl) and "sweet manioc" (Manihot dulcis Pax.). They distinguish five varieties of the Manihot genus, while the number of varieties known to the ancient Tupi was even greater (cf. Soares de Sousa 187; Simão de Vasconcellos, p. CXXVIII; Métraux 2, 65).

171 252 Like those Indians, the Tapirapé have two basic ways of preparing the manioc roots for consumption: (1) by placing them for a few days in water until they become soft, turning them into what they call mandiyvungna and what is called puba [manioc mash] by the neo-Brazilians; (2) by grating them without putting them through the water treatment [114:186] (cf. Staden q 2; Soares de Sousa 189 and 191; Simão de Vasconcellos, p. CXXIX; Claude d'Abbeville 304-305). Some of the varieties are prepared in either way, and others are prepared only in one way. The roots softened [251] in water are dried in the sun and pounded in the mortar, and the mashed substance is used in the manufacture of beiju [flat cakes] and cauí [a soup].

272 boil the substance to be masticated, (2) they chew it and thus add to it the ferment contained in the saliva, (3) they once more heat the liquid mixed with the chewed mass (cf. Staden q 4, Léry 124, Claude d'Abbeville 302). [Ed., the remainder of p. 55 and the first two paragraphs on p. 56 are omitted.]

[116:56] The Tapirapé heat the liquid mixed with the masti-
171 cated mass over the embers. In this connection, it is well to quote
272 Georg Wilhelm Freyreiss (102), who visited Espírito Santo in the first quarter of the nineteenth century and stated that "the Indians of the coast prepare cauí from manioc roots which are boiled and then chewed by the women, spit into a large pot, and covered with water. They leave it there to ferment. Also, probably to accelerate the fermenting process, they place the pan near the fire" (the italics are ours, and the original text of this sentence reads "... auch wohl um die Gährung zu befördern den Topf in die Nähe des Feuers setzt"). The German author adds that this drink is taken, as a rule, before 24 hours have elapsed. [Ed., a paragraph is omitted.]

Drinks whose fermentation is fostered by chewing may be
272 divided into intoxicating and non-intoxicating ones. The cauí of the Tapirapé belongs in the second category, for it is taken, like the one mentioned by Freyreiss, before 24 hours have elapsed from the time of mastication. [Ed., the last three lines on p. 56, pp. 57-58, and the first paragraph on p. 59 are omitted.]

[116:59] The fermented drinks are taken by the Tapirapé either warm or unheated. For example, on the morning following my arrival in Tampiitáua in 1947, when my little friend Ampitánia fulfilled my wish by serving me monoví-kauí, I took it in the manner most agreeable to the Tapirapé and to myself, that is to say, good
● 123] and hot. Ampitánia demonstrated her affection by filling up a truly gigantic pot during the night. She must have pounded and masticated a great deal. From the bubbling liquid she took out a goodly portion with a large gourd, stirred it with a smaller gourd to cool it off a little, and then placed the large gourd before me, putting into one of my hands the smaller gourd as a dish and in the other hand another gourd, still smaller, to serve as a spoon. Sitting in the girl's net, I voraciously swallowed the hot soup, sweetish and nutritious, half floury and half grainy, filling my "dish" over and over again from the large gourd until I had emptied it completely.

262 [122:168] Fortunately, the Tapirapé is also saved by a more varied diet. Manioc flour is usually eaten along with other foods. To give an idea of the variety available at a specific time of the year, I shall list the dishes that were offered to me on the afternoon of June 21, 1935, when I reached Tampiitaua for the first time: two varieties of bananas, warmed and cold; warm and cold peanuts; raw and roasted peanut flour; peanut, maize, and manioc cauí; roasted calabash seeds; boiled and ember-roasted squash, yams, and carás; large boiled green beans; warm manioc flour; small boiled fish; warm manioc soup with small unripe peppers and chicken meat; manioc soup with barbecued fish; the raw and roasted seeds of tucum [Tr., Bactris setosa]; and sugar cane for sucking. Since I did not want to offend anyone, I ate large quanti-
●123 ties of each of these delicious dishes in all the village houses that afternoon. [Ed., a paragraph is omitted.]

During my stay in Tampiitaua, I shared largely in the Tapirapé diet and got along well on this almost exclusively vegetarian basis. My digestive apparatus had never functioned as well as it did at the time, and my companion Kegel noticed that after a few weeks of Indian food my face had filled out. In this respect I stood in contrast to our camarada Daniel. This poor frontiersman, who showed his "civilized" status by eating his daily share of rice, occasionally tempered by a piece of game, with punctilious regularity, visibly wasted away. This probably was caused also by the cultural shocks he suffered incessantly, which, as far as food was concerned, were of the same order as those suffered by the Tapirapé when Reverend Kegel opened a can of wieners. A child saw those snake-like forms coming out of the can, ran home, and soon the whole village was there. Each person smelled the can and then spat emphatically to leave no doubt as to the disgust he felt or thought it proper to feel. True, this did not prevent gluttonous Kamairahó from trying a small piece, although with a certain reluctance, from liking it, and asking for more.

Unfortunately, the abundance and variety of foods which I found
262 in Tampiitaua in the months of June to August, 1935, disappeared
178 later. As I wrote in a report to the director of the Indian [122:169] Service, "in 1947, at the same time of year, I found almost nothing of the sort as I went through all the houses. It had become difficult to obtain a few bananas, a little carás, or manioc cake.

Yves d'Evreux (110) for the Tupinambá, and by Koch-Grünberg (1, I, 128) for the Káua of the upper Aiari. They could not inhale the smoke as I did. Every time they tried, they began to cough violently. My smoke-swallowing demonstrations, when I released the smoke only after having talked and drunk some water, aroused respectful admiration, but no one dared to emulate me. [Ed., the remainder of the paragraph is omitted.]

Among the Tapirapé, two purposes for smoking tobacco can be clearly distinguished: one that is simply recreative and one that is medicinal. As a medicine, the smoke is blown over painful areas of the body or over the entire body of the patient. A Bakairi told Karl von den Steinen (II, 347) that on the upper Xingu there are two varieties of tobacco, the one smoked for pleasure being much milder than the medicinal one.

To summarize, we may say that the Tapirapé resemble the Tupinambá in the term they use to designate tobacco, in their manner of swallowing smoke, and in the fact that among them only the men smoke. They differ from these Indians, from the Xingu Indians, and from other Tupi tribes in not smoking cigars. The inhabitants of Tampiitaua resemble the northern Karajá and Kayapó in their use of the jequitibá-fruit pipe; they differ from those tribes in their words for tobacco and pipe, and from the Karajá in the fact that only the men smoke in Tampiitaua. [Ed., end of Vol. 122.]

[123:53] Chapter 11

The Life Cycle of the Individual

Birth

In Tapirapé, ãán means "I fall" and "I am born" [Ed., the remainder of the sentence and the remainder of the paragraph are omitted.]

I did not have the opportunity to witness a birth among the Tapirapé, and I can only relay the information given to me by Reverend Kegel and by the Indians. Childbirth takes place inside the house. While the future father remains in his hammock the women assist the woman in labor, who is either lying in another hammock with her legs drawn up or supported by horizontal wooden

842 of years that had elapsed since my stay in Tampiitaua. He also noted that Vuanomanchi was playing the part of the boy's father. And Vuanomanchi had been my close friend in 1935.

A few weeks later, Wagley learned that the "child's spirit" is brought to the woman by a good shaman in the course of the journeys he is wont to make in his dreams. The Tapirapé were familiar with my capacity to "dream from Tampiitaua to São Paulo," that is, to make that long trip while my body was asleep in a hammock in Kamairahó's house. They did not doubt that I [123] was a great shaman. Obviously, therefore, they considered me capable of bringing children's spirits. The fact that I was regarded as the carrier of the spirit of Vuanomanchi's son must have been, first and foremost, an acknowledgement of the ties of sympathy between this Indian and myself.

845 Contrary to some other Indians, such as the Guaikuru described by Sánchez Labrador (II, 30), who kill newborn twins, the Tapirapé 842 like such dual births. Husbands and wives in this Tupi tribe eat [171] linked bananas in order to give birth to twins, preferably of opposite sex. They call both the twins and those double bananas apekunia, and this term is also used when there are three bananas within one skin. Kamairahó said with reference to such a triple banana that it consisted of one boy and two girls. The Tapirapé had never heard of a triple human birth.

In view of their behavior toward twins, it might be assumed 171 that the vagrant life of the Guaikuru led them to infanticide, while 847 the Tapirapé, as farmers tied to the soil, like to have several children and save all those who are born. The way of life of those hunting and herding Indians of the Paraguay basin contributed to their custom of killing some of the newborn babies. On the other 847 hand, it seems that the Tapirapé do not allow every child to live, either. According to what I was told, they think that it is bad for a couple to have more than three children and more than two of the same sex, and hence kill those who are in excess of these numbers. Wagley and Galvão (3, 172) confirm this, adding that the child who is to be killed is buried in a hole dug for the afterbirth inside the 162 house. As was shown in Chapter 5, in Tampiitaua in 1935 there was only one couple with three children who were issue of that same marriage, and none with more. The children were a boy [123:56]

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574 that all participants in the tãtáupáũã [90] are called this. Nothing
264 could point up the importance of the institution more effectively than
[101] this observation. [Ed., the remainder of the paragraph is omitted.]

171 The word tãtá is used both by the Tapirapé and by the Karajá
824 [Caraja] to designate cultivated bananas in general. It also means
"fire" in their language, as in all Tupí-Guaraní tongues, and it differs
[194] from these only in its nasalization, an element which is peculiar to
the Tapirapé language as a whole.

[192] The word upáũã means "everything eaten."

The word tatáupáũã may mean that the fire went out, or that everything that was near the fire was eaten.

264 Every individual belongs to the same eating group through life.
476 Sons belong to their father's group, daughters to their mother's.
574 The eating groups are not important to marriage; some of the
[611] men belong to the same group as their wives, while others belong to a different group.

[91] The principal chief, Kamairahó, was a Txankanépéra, while
123 the second chief, Vũãtanamĩ', was a Pananĩvũána. As I lived in
[622] Kamairahó's household and belonged, in a way, to his family, I also became a Txankanépéra, and they explained to me that as a consequence my own relatives, although absent, had also become Txankanépéra.

264 Within their group, all members regard one another as brothers
476 and sisters.
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[608] Another aspect of the eating groups is important to social life, namely, at the common feasts people sit next to their group companions and are invariably associated with them, while they may never join them on other occasions. This institution thus creates a bond occasionally bringing together the inhabitants of different houses from
[621] birth to death.

264 At certain times the entire population of the village gathers to-
574 gether for the tãtáupáũã, which at such times is not really a feast
621 carried out to meet the obligations imposed by the consumption-group organization, but a veritable banquet.

On July 3, the time of the kãũihó, or "bad kãũĩ" (literally, "big kãũĩ" [Tr., a soup]), was drawing to a close. In the afternoon the
[252] chiefs gave all the occupants of their house peanut kãũĩ, which formerly was masticated only by chiefs' wives and not by other women. It was warm and so good that I ate my fill.

264 574 476 [92] At sundown of the following day, large pots and plates of various foods were carried to the dancing plaza and placed in six sets. These sets tallied with the eating groups. The Kãuãnõĩ, owing to their small numbers, had joined the Ãvãinkĩ˜ to form a single group. All those who could do so brought something to eat for their group. [262] There were bananas, peanuts, peanut flour, boiled fish, fish sauce and manioc flour spiced with peppers, several varieties of karã [Tr., a kind of yam], peanut kãũĩ, etc. Before that, there was a great 431 574 distribution of gifts. Each individual offered those people for whom he had special liking or esteem part of his precious possessions, such [622] as beads and similar things. The chiefs received the greater part of this. One man had received three pairs of scissors and found no better [177] use for them than to wear them as pendant ornaments.

264 476 574 Later, the eating groups sat around their pots. Beside them lay the ashes of burnt-out fires. The members of each group squatted together, men, women and children, and ate of everything as they [554] pleased. Kamairahó, the principal leader, got the best piece, a chunk ●123 of chicken, and with his usual courtesy shared it with me, his brother. We called each other "Txankanépéra," and Ampitánya, his little [597] adoptive daughter who sat between us, shouted to me, "Ané Txankanépéra," and I called her by the same terms. The people in the other groups also called me "Txankanépéra," and I called them by the name of their group. We were all in very high spirits.

264 574 [93] All the participants in this feast sat so close together that there were no spaces whatever between the groups.

535 Within a quarter of an hour, everything had been eaten. The pots and plates were removed, and the people scattered. Night came. The plaza was taken over by the masked dancers. They represented "the [776] good shadows" [spirits]. All the "evil shadows" had taken kãuihó and vanished. The bad rainy weather, with its attendant hunger and illness, 132 the "winter" of northern Brazil, was over. Now began the dry season with its "good shadows," summer.

574 796 They say that at the time of the harvest, around September, they also hold one of these common banquets for all the eating groups.

224 264 476 574 On July 15 I had the opportunity to watch the tãtáupãũa of an eating group. On the previous day, a man of the Ãvainkĩ˜ had killed with a club a wild pig brought to bay by the dogs. The task of roasting the meat at home fell to the women belonging to this eating group. [462] In payment for this work they were allowed to keep at home certain parts

264 476 574 [214] such as the head and legs, which they gave to those members of their family who did not belong to the same eating group.

The feasting had already begun before the sun was up. In the [345] [562] [852] takána, the large dance house, which is essentially a men's house and thus as a rule not visited by women, the Ãvãinkí of both sexes sat [94] on straw mats stretched for the purpose around large pots containing the roasted pig. The animal was cut up in such a way that the pieces could easily be held in the hand.

When I appeared, they all graciously invited me to help myself. ●[123] I declined, stating that I was a Txankanépéra, and in view of this they did not insist further.

Naturally, members of other eating groups may ask the feast participants for a piece. Custom, however, demands that they withdraw after receiving what they requested. Only members of the same group may sit in the circle surrounding the pots. As a rule, however, a member of another group does not come to the people who are feasting and ask for a piece.

123 264 476 574 In any case, I did not want to carry my pride in being a Txankanépéra too far, and therefore I accepted the invitation of a special friend, Vuãnomantxí, whose wife had prepared the bulk of the food for the Ãvãinkí and thus earned the pig's head for her family. While she sat with her group-fellows in the takána, her husband and son, and a few other persons who were not relatives but who belonged to the family, so to speak, because they were the only other occupants of the small hut, lay across their hammocks and chewed contentedly. When I came in, Vuãnomantxí tore from the pig's head the piece that he considered the best and offered it to me. I began to chew on it, and this required much fortitude because the meat was very tough. [95] When my chin began to hurt badly and I was certain that I had swallowed enough of those awful bites, I craved a bonus and asked for the brains. My friend smiled--he always had a friendly smile for me, thoroughly joyous and relaxed--and gave me to understand that my tastes were not inferior to those of the most illustrious Tapirapé. Then, with his athletic strength, he broke open the skull, handed me the bulk of the brains, and stuffed the rest into his mouth.

264 476 Before the sun was up, only the pig's bones remained in Vuãnomantxi house and in the takána.

[574] [611] Aside from the tatáupáua, there is another institution which also involves eating in hereditary groups. It is called apatxirũ. Its purpose,

264 476 however, is totally different from that of the tãtáupãũa. It is not a group organization for consumption, but for production. For this reason, also, the feasts in specific groups associated with this institution are merely accessory.

The social significance of apatxirũ resides in the possibility of sharing a collective task in such a way that no member of the tribe will [461] feel discredited by an unfair assignment. This is done by turning work into a festive occasion and a sports competition.

"When there is a lot of water everywhere in the rainy season, the [776] ãũvanaí 'shadows' live in the takána. Their headdress and breechcloth [291] are of muriti leaves, but their headdress does not have any macaw [535] feathers. [96] They dance through the entire rainy season. At that time, there are no other 'shadows' (antxína) but them. Unlike other 'shadows,' these do not live in the hills or in the waters, but only in the takána. They do not sing, but only grunt in a low voice. During [261] the moons of the great rains, the belly does not get as full as during the dry season. But the ãũvanaí have to eat. Then they go to the gardens and 'steal.' They take what they stole to the takána, where they eat it. In the apatxirũ, we prepare the gardens where they seek their food. They 'steal' only from those gardens that are prepared for them alone. The ãũvanaí are not evil. All Tapirapé men are ãũvanaí.

Such is, in summary, the information I received when I asked the purpose of the common gardens prepared in the apatxirũ.

For the apatxirũ, all Tapirapé men are divided into three work-groups called vuĩra. The word vuĩra means "bird," and the name of [551] each group designates a mythical bird which is represented not only by the group as a whole but by each of its individual members. They are called Tãnãvé, Anantxá, and Vuírantxinió.

The Tãnãvé group was the smallest one at the time of my visit, [624] but it included the individuals of highest social status: the principal chief, Kamairahó; the second chief, Vũãtanamĩ́; the chief and most ● [123] eminent sorcerer--medicine man, Urukumĩ́; and myself. (Naturally, Kamairahó stated immediately that I would be a Tãnãvé like himself.)

[97] Each of the three work groups has two leaders called ãntaĩva. 264 The ãntaĩva of the Tãnãvé were Vũãtanamĩ́ and Urukumĩ́. (Although 622 Kamairahó was also a Tãnãvé, he seemed to be the head of all three 476 groups in his capacity as principal chief. He is also the only one whose 651 private plot is prepared by the village inhabitants as a collective endeavor, while the private plots of other tribal members are prepared

264 476 [623] [651] only by their respective owners. I do not know, however, whether the three groups we are discussing here are involved in the preparation of the principal chief's garden.)

The ãntaiva of the Anantxí were the chief Tanupamtxóa and [624] Vuiraí, and those of the Vuirantxinió were the chief Kamairí and the sorcerer--medicine man Maninohó.

476 857 In the old days, the boys of the tribe were divided into three groups corresponding to the three work-groups of the men. They were called Vuanankóra, Vuirantxína, and Vuirantxinoí. The last one is now extinct. The boys whose fathers are Tãnãvé or Anantxí belong [611] to the first one, and the sons of the Vuirantxinió to the second one. The third group also consisted in the past of boys whose fathers were [881] Vuirantxinió. They say that the adolescent enters his father's work-group at his initiation and becomes a member of it for life.

The boys' groups accompany the three work-groups of the men in [442] all their endeavors. The female sex does not belong to this institution, for "the women an girls stay home when the men do collective work."

[98] They say hat each apatxirú group has its specific ornament 301 476 535 237 for certain dances, but these are usually held at a time of year when I was not with the Tapirapé. The Tãnãvé wear three large red macaw feathers hanging from the head onto the back. The Anantxí also wear three large macaw feathers in the same fashion, but two are from the blue and yellow macaw and only the middle one is red; in addition, they wear on their arms the white breast fluff of the king vulture. The Vuirantxinió are not differentiated from the Tãnãvé. The Vuanankóra wear smaller red feathers from the tail of the macaw, hanging from the head onto the back. The Vuirantxína are similarly adorned and also wear macaw fluff on their arms.

192 Concerning the word apatxirú, Curt Nimuendajú wrote me as follows in a letter dated February 20, 1936: "The Tapirapé word apatxirú is the usual Tupí term for a gathering of people for a common task (ordinarily, for one of the individuals involved)." [Ed., the remainder of the quotation, p. 98 and first paragraph on p. 99, is omitted.]

47 [99] On July 30, Kamairahó invited me to go with him to the [123] apatxirú. On the previous day, Chief Tanupamtxóa had already begun the common felling of trees with several men.

In the afternoon we walked for about an hour through the forest toward the east, until we reached the spot where people were working

476 thundering noise, dragging along in its fall its weaker companions.

Every once in a while, a voice was heard behind the trees. One [222] could not see who it was, but the call sounded very close. Immediately, the boys rushed to the spot where the voice came from. Soon they returned with their arms full of bananas. They ran jubilantly toward us and distributed them.

[197] These bananas reached a length of 30 centimeters and a middle [482] circumference of 15 to 20 centimeters. The men brought them in hampers close to the working area, but never came out of the woods into the garden with their load.

252 The skin of the bananas was black, and their flesh was already 262 brownish and too soft. This is the condition in which the Tapirapé [222] like them best. The fruits are gathered when green and buried at the [171] spot where they grew. The Karajá do the same thing. In the sun-heated ground, the bananas reach the desired state of rottenness more quickly than if they were kept at home. Then, too, they are warm when taken out of the ground, and this endears them further to the Indians.

264 They are not peeled in order to be eaten. The tough skin is opened a little at one of the tips, the tip is placed between the lips, and the skin slowly emptied by squeezing it with the fingers so that the pulp gradually enters the mouth. Kamairahó ate one banana after another. As for myself, I found them nauseating.

264 [108] The sun was already quite low when we left. We forged 476 ahead at a rapid pace, one behind the other on the narrow trail. We 462 were not far from the village when the path opened onto a small, 574 cleared, triangular space. The women sat in the corners of this space and watched us in silence. The women and girls had split into three groups which tallied with the work groups of their husbands and fathers. They had placed pots of food in the area in the same arrangement. [262] There were banana kãũ̃ĩ, peanut kãñi, cottonseed kãũ̃ĩ, toasted karã, and many other good things. Each group ate only from the pots placed for it at a specific spot. There were smaller quantities for the Tãñãvé, because they were fewer. I was invited from all sides, and since I [123] was very hungry I did not spare the other two groups. Only when I was beginning to be satiated did I put down, with a great show of surprise, the pot of banana soup of the Anamtxã from which I had just partaken, and declared that I was a Tãñãvé. This fact, however, did not seem to be of great importance to my hosts.

264 462 476 The pots were soon emptied. Then the women and girls came, picked them up, and took them home. The men followed, The Anantxá walked first, with the Vuirantxinió behind them and the Tãnãvé last. They kept this order, and sent me back to the rear when [123] I stepped--not unintentionally--in the midst of the Vuirantxinió.

[109] As soon as the village was in sight, things began to move. 535 The men ran straight to the takána and paired up for the dance. The women and girls showed no interest in this and for the most part had already gone to their huts.

The dancing pairs stood in a dense cluster in front of the entrance. In each pair, as was customary, one of the men held his arm across the other's shoulders, while his companion held his arm across the other's hips. Both held a club, bush knife, or bow in the other hand. In the midst of the group stood the leading pair, Tanupantxóa and Vuĭraĭ, the ãntaĭva of the Anantxá. The Anantxá had now mixed with the Vuirantxinió. Of the Tãnãvé, only Kamairahó, Urukumĭ', and I had come. We stayed nearby as onlookers.

First, the men danced for a while on the same spot. As usual, they pawed the ground, all at the same time and always with the same foot, alternating from right to left, keeping their knees slightly bent and the middle part of the body slightly bent forward. Then the leading pair gradually moved away from the spot. They danced with small steps out of the takána. The others followed in the same fashion. They all moved, one pair after the other, slowly, toward the house of Vũãtanamĭ', singing with sounds and shouts rather than words.

When they reached the house of the second leader, the procession broke up. They did not scatter, however, but remained close to- 526 gether. [110] The race began. It is called ãhẽũĭ, which means "I 883 run." The adolescents, who were in their initiation year and hence had their faces and bodies completely blackened with genipap, ran two at a time in a straight line across the dance plaza to the back of Kamairahó's house. Actually, there was no spot to be reached first by the winner, and there was no applause from the spectators. It might almost be said that there was no winner. As a rule, indeed, the [156] desire to be singled out or to single out someone is not manifested by these Indians and is probably even regarded by them as a danger to the harmony of the community. These races seemed to be merely runs to be made as fast as possible across the plaza to convince the boys themselves of their own ability. As soon as the two runners reached

8: Baldus E-5 (1935, 1947) 1956 SP22 Tapirapé SP22

182 152 against the supposed menace and to kill the shaman who is suspected of having 756 become an evil sorcerer.

152 Though, also as regards the institution of shamanism, fear works out as a 184 factor of socialization by exorcising the dangers to the tribal life, we cannot say 648 the same about the fear which produces in many Tapirapé a disposition to adapt themselves complacently to the white man. During my stay in 1935, in the village called Tampiitawa, I could distinguish clearly between the great group of timorous people led by Kamairahó who received with open arms all that came from our civilization, and a smaller group composed of decided and valorous people who didn't want anything to do with us. So there were two opposite trends in their "foreign policy" and consequently germs of tribal disintegration.

123 Of the direct causes of fear I want to mention the following: The Tapirapé 152 were alarmed by my fury when I saw a man whipping his wife. To relate this 593 case means to confess a most ethnocentric and therefore in no way ethnological behaviour. But I think that in order to be an ethnologist it is necessary to be able not to be an ethnologist in certain situations. At noon on July 15 I see that [572] behind the house in which I was living with Kamairahó and thirty other [562] Indians, the athletic Inamoréo, nearly twenty-two years old, is beating a woman. With a cane and the blade of his bush-knife he is whipping his wife. She is so small and tender that she seems to be a child in spite of being perhaps twenty years old. I run towards the couple to interfere. The little woman is weeping despairingly, but doesn't go away. The man tries to tug her towards the house which is their house and mine also. She struggles. There he enters the house. Finally she follows. I enter also. The man holds the knife. I have nothing in my hands, but I am bound by my upbringing; I am the weapon of my culture and my culture is my weapon. I say to Inamoréo that people do not beat a woman like a dog. (I refer to this animal because frequently, among the Tapirapé, it can only thus be prevented from eating the people's food.) Inamoréo pronounces insults and his wife sobs. Now I explain to all the people present that beating a woman is a bad thing. Later, when I am sitting together with Kamairahó and his wife, I tell them that if a white man should whip his wife, another white man would kill him with a revolver. Jokingly I add: "If you, Kamairahó, beat your wife, I have to kill you with my revolver." With these words I go away.

[576] After a while Kamairahó passed me with a depressed face. I ask him: 123 "Where are you going?" Without smiling he answers: "I am afraid of you." 152 I embrace him, I kiss him impetuously in the Tapirapé manner, that is, rubbing my nose against his nose; but all this is in vain. He waits patiently until I let him go, continues walking, and tells the men and women whom he is passing that he is afraid of me, the white man who kills those who beat women. May I observe here that I always went around without a weapon among the Tapirapé, keeping the revolver, as Kamairahó knew, in my hammock hanging close to his hammock, and even there the revolver was at hand only to be at the disposal of the same Kamairahó in order to protect him against the event of nocturnal attack by the Kayapó Indians, the most terrible neighbours. Kamairahó enters his house and immediately from there sounds an agitated and long talk. With the speed of lightning the news spreads through the village that Kamairahó is afraid of me and is lying in his hammock and that I would kill with a revolver the husbands who whip their wives. A middle-aged woman joins me, saying: "I am afraid of you." I assure her again that I am not bad, that, on the con-

8: Baldus E-5 (1935, 1947) 1956 SP22 Tapirapé SP22

trary, I am good, and in order to demonstrate it, I embrace cordially a man on her side so that I don't need to embrace her. And I say to my English companion who at this moment joins me: "Certain research-workers who were killed by the Indians with whom they lived, as, for instance, Boggiani among the Chamakoko, were murdered only through fear." At that instant, as if he had understood my words, the man I have just embraced asks me if the Shavante really have killed the white man by the name of Father John and if they have murdered him with a club. I don't know from where the Tapirapé had received this information and if his question represented a reaction or only conversation. What I know is that the man couldn't have understood my comment about the murders through fear.

An hour later I see Kamairahó going to the brook carrying two calabash rattles which he had obtained from the Karajá neighbours, but never used. I follow him and ask him what he intends to do with the rattles. He explains that they are dirty and that he wants to clean them with water, and adds: "When you go away and I remain here, the rattles will go with you." He continues with a mournful face. Besides, everyone looks sad, and when I enter our hut, I am not received as usual with the friendly exclamation: "You arrive!" But, looking to this or that person, I immediately receive a polite smile. Even at night Kamairahó says to the Englishman that he is still afraid of me, and when my companion reassures him, confirming the jocose character of my threat, he is invited immediately by Kamairahó to eat bananas and by other inhabitants of the house to have kauí, a fermented drink, in payment for this consolation. Meanwhile Inamoréo, who had beaten his wife, has already gone peacefully to sleep with her in the hammock and explains later that he whipped her only with the arrow—which is not true. I invite Kamairahó for a dinner of deer. He eats well, but with a sad face complaining of a headache. He receives aspirin.

It is necessary to consider that the fear described above may have been caused less by the threat with the revolver than by the agitated manner with which I expressed my indignation and which contrasts with Tapirapé behaviour. Even Kamairahó's wife, who used to quarrel much, always pronounced insults in a monotonous voice and with apparent calm, quite different, for instance, from the Karajá women who shout without reserve. But it may be mentioned that the Tapirapé were also afraid of the Englishman when a woman had stolen a great quantity of kitchen oil from him, putting it in her hair, and when dogs of the village tore his towel to pieces. And my companion was less explosive than I!

Graver causes of fear are the Kayapó attacks. I have already mentioned that, on account of these, I was asked to sleep armed. When a rumour maker is talking about the approach of these Indians, all the village is immediately alarmed. And there are reasons for this, because in 1947, soon after my second visit to the Tapirapé, these warlike neighbours assaulted the village, plundered it, and burned it, killing and kidnapping women.

Fear was produced also by the eclipse of the moon on 15th of June, 1935. When at night I was awakened with the words "chahy vuy" "moon blood," all the people were dejected and the men were talking only in low tones. Really, the moon appears dark red like coagulated blood. Next day everybody was still preoccupied with the phenomenon, considering it a bad omen of carnage.

But while the eclipse was an uncommon cause of fear, there were other causes in every moment and in any place, for the Tapirapé lives surrounded by malevolent spirits. Here is the so-called "imaginary fear" regarding which Mira y López[9] observes that "even the bravest warriors, able to throw themselves

8: Baldus E-5 (1935, 1947) 1956 SP22 Tapirapé SP22

in the open against a rampart of fire or lances, recede terrified in view of the suspicion of a tenuous and invisible enemy." In fact, the Tapirapé who opposes the jaguar with only bow and club as I had occasion to observe, and who is not afraid of dying, as they frequently assured me, is terrified by the presence of the souls of the dead and of other bad beings. It is not only the soul of a dead shaman which causes fear. I knew a kind father who became afraid of the soul of his beloved little child when this was deceased. And whoever is not a shaman feels a dread of dreaming while asleep, because during the dream he has to travel through the dangerous supernatural world. And not infrequently boys who wanted to drink water at night in the nearby brook asked me to go with them, because a ghost had been seen taking a bath. Unfortunately, whenever I arrived, the well-scrubbed ghost had already gone away. Frequently the boys sang loudly when going to the brook at night in order to calm their fear as I have observed in Europe when children went for something in a dark cellar.

Although the Tapirapé didn't react in any way against the fear produced by the eclipse, they were not always so passive as regards the fear caused by the white men, the Kayapó, and the spirits. When my English companion fell ill, they didn't hesitate in demanding his departure, and when a little girl of the house where I was living fell sick, all the people around me wore a threatening air as if I had been the magic author of the disease. The fear inspired by the Kayapó was combated not only by the Tapirapé holding clubs during the nocturnal collective dances, but also by their parodying their neighbours by a pantomime which represented a supposed attack against peaceful tribesmen. The fear of the spirits gives not only great prestige to the shaman, official protector against them, but also puts in the hand of every Tapirapé a torch which he agitates without interruption if by night he has to go out of the house in order to relieve himself.

So for the frightened Tapirapé also, life is struggle, action and reaction, fear and wrath. And this fearful people is the gayest I ever found in my life, and Kamairahó, the pessimist who more than anyone declared himself to be afraid, had a glad smile on his face everytime when I saw him awake in the morning.

São Paulo, Brazil.

Notes

1. Cf. Herbert Baldus: *Ensaios de Etnologia Brasileira*. S. Paulo, 1937, pp. 156–158.
2. Ashley Montagu: *The Natural Superiority of Women*. London, 1954, p. 92.
3. Emilio Mira y López: *Quatro gigantes da alma*. 3a. edição, Rio de Janeiro, 1955, pp. 39–40.
4. Cf. Herbert Baldus: Os Tapirapé. *Revista do Arquivo Municipal*, 110: 192, 1946. S. Paulo.
5. Cf. Amilcar A. Botelho de Magalhães: *Pelos sertões do Brasil*, 2a. edição, S. Paulo, 1941, pp. 497–498; Martin Gusinde: *Die Feuerlandindianer, I: Die Selk'nam*, Mödling bei Wien, 1931, pp. 456–458.
6. Cf. Baldus: *Ensaios de Etnologia Brasileira*, p. 86.
7. Xamanismo tapirapé (Tapirapé Shamanism), *Boletim do Museu Nacional*, n.s., Antropologia, 3: 79, 1943. Rio de Janeiro.
8. *Ibid.*
9. *Op. cit.*, p. 39.

115 Champuki was not the first person who came to mind when a contribution to this volume was considered. I thought of Gregorio Martin, a dignified and wise old Mayan Indian of Santiago Chimaltenango in Guatemala, who in 1937 had taught me the way of life of his people. I thought of Camirang, the dynamic young chieftain whom I had known in 1941 in a village of Tenetehara Indians along the Pindaré River in northeastern Brazil. I thought also of Nhunduca, a gifted and witty storyteller from a small Amazon community, who in 1948 introduced me to the rich folklore of the Amazon *caboclo* or peasant. But then, among all the people I had known in the various primitive and peasant cultures in which I [554] have done ethnological research, I chose Champukwi, a man of no outstanding talent, yet talented all the same—a man of not the [123] highest prestige in his society, yet admired by all. For the brief span of about a year he was my most intimate friend.

115 I knew Champukwi some 20 years ago when I lived in his small 123 village of about 175 Tapirapé Indians in central Brazil. I must have [162] seen him at once, for presents were distributed to the whole popu- [621] lation on the day of my arrival in late April of 1939. But I did not [131] distinguish Champukwi as an individual, nor did he, at first, stand out in any way from the other men of his village. His name does not appear in the notes taken during my first month among the Tapirapé.

114 For me, and even more for Valentim Gomes, the Brazilian fron- [103] tiersman who was my companion and employee, the first weeks in the Village of the Tapirs, as the small settlement was known, were a period of grappling with a strange and often confusing world.

177 The Tapirapé Indians lived between the Araguaia and Xingú Rivers, [131] an area at that time almost entirely isolated from modern Brazil. They had been visited by only a few people from the "outside"—by one or two missionaries; by Herbert Baldus, a German-Brazilian anthropologist; and by a few frontiersmen from the Araguaia River. The nearest Brazilian settlement to the Village of the Tapirs was Furo de Pedra, a town of 400–500 persons that lay some 300 miles

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940, 1953) 1964
SP22 Tapirape SP22

away on the Araguaia River. Three Tapirapé youths had spent a few months at mission stations and thus spoke a rudimentary form of Portuguese, using a vocabulary limited to a few basic nouns and verbs. At first our main problem was communication, but these youths were able to help us. Aside from them, the only individuals we knew by name during the first two weeks were the "captains," the older men who were the heads of the six large haypile-like houses arranged in a circular village pattern. These, we later learned, were each occupied by a matrilocal extended family. But even the personal names—such as Oprunxui, Wantanamu, Kamanare, Mariapawungo, Okané, and the like—were then hard to remember, let alone pronounce.

During the first weeks in the Village of Tapirs, I began to study intensively the Tapirapé language, a language belonging to the widespread Tupí-Guaraní stock. Until I could use this language at least passably, I was limited to observing and recording only those forms of Tapirapé culture that the eye could see. Even these usually needed explaining. I visited the extensive Tapirapé gardens in which manioc, beans, peanuts, cotton, and other native American crops were grown. I watched the women fabricate flour from both poisonous and "sweet" varieties of manioc, and make pots out of clay. I watched the men weave baskets out of palm fiber and manufacture their bows and arrows as they sat in hammocks in the large palm-thatched structure in the center of the village circle. This building was obviously the men's club, for no women ever entered. I rapidly became accustomed to nudity. The women wore nothing at all, and the men only a palm fiber band around the prepuce. But even nude women could be modestly seated, and the men were careful never to remove their palm band to expose the glans penis. Obvious also to the uninstructed eye was the fact that the Tapirapé expressed their personal vanity in the elaborate designs carefully painted on their bodies with *rucu* (red) and *genipa* (black). These and many other overt aspects of Tapirapé culture could be recorded in notes and photographs while I studied their language.

The Tapirapé, a friendly and humorous people, seemed rather pleased with the curious strangers in their midst. They found our antics amusing; the gales of laughter that accompanied the conversations that we could hear but not understand seemed evoked by tales of our strange behavior. (It is so easy to presume that oneself is

123 the subject of conversation when listening to a strange language.)
[199] Then, of course, our presence was materially valuable—for the salt, knives, needles, beads, mirrors, and other presents we brought were greatly appreciated. However, within a very short time some of these people began to emerge as individuals. Awanchowa, a small boy of about 6, followed me about and literally haunted our little house, staring at our large bag of salt which he ate with the same relish children in other cultures eat sweets. Then there was Tanui, a woman of middle age (whose hair was cropped short indicating that a near relative had recently died) who often brought us presents of food.
123 115 Gradually most of the villagers emerged as distinctive personalities and among them was Champukwi. I cannot remember when I first came to know him as an individual, but his name begins to appear regularly in my field notebooks about one month after our arrival. Soon, he became my best informant, and after a time, an inseparable companion.

116 In 1939 Champukwi must have been about 25 years of age. He
[141] was tall for a Tapirapé male, measuring perhaps about 5 feet 6 inches, strongly built but lean, and weighing, I should judge, about
[302] 150 lbs. Like all Tapirapé men he wore his hair in bangs across his forehead with a braided pigtail tied at the back of his neck. He was somewhat of a dandy, for his feet and the calves of his legs
[301] were painted bright red every evening with *rucu*. From time to time he painted an intricate design on his body, and he wore crocheted
[554] disc-like wrist ornaments of cotton string dyed red. He was obviously a man of some prestige among men of his age, for youths and younger men treated him with deference, always finding a seat for him on the bench that was built against one wall of our house.
[799] I soon learned that he, too, had spent a short period at a mission
[191] station several years earlier and that he knew a few words of Portuguese. He was married and had a daughter about 2 years of age. His wife, hardly attractive according to my American tastes, appeared to be somewhat older than he, and was pregnant when we first met.

115 Champukwi seemed more patient than other Tapirapé with my at-
22 tempts to use his language and to seek information. He would repeat
[126] a word, a phrase, or a sentence several times so that I might write it down phonetically. He resorted to his meager Portuguese and even to mimicry to explain what was meant. His patience was of course

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940, 1953) 1964
SP22 Tapirape SP22

requited by gifts of beads, hardware, and salt which I provided judiciously from time to time. After a few days, I began noting questions to be asked of Champukwi in the late afternoon when he now habitually visited our house. But this was the time that others also liked to visit. At this hour of the day our house was often crowded with men, women, children, and even pets—monkeys, parrots, and wild pigs—for which the Tapirapé along with other Brazilian tribes have an especial fondness. Such social gatherings were hardly conducive to the ethnological interview or even to the systematic recording of vocabulary. So I asked Champukwi if I might go with him to his garden. There, alternating between helping him cut brush from his garden site and sitting in the shade, I was able to conduct a kind of haphazard interview. Often, while he worked, I formulated questions in my halting Tapirapé and I was able by repetition to understand his answers. Although the Tapirapé villagers began to joke of Champukwi's new garden site as belonging to the two of us, these days were very valuable for my research.

Walking through the forest to and from Champukwi's garden, we often hunted for *jacu*, a large forest fowl rather like a chicken. I attempted to teach Champukwi how to use my .22 rifle, but he had difficulty understanding the gunsights and missed continually. He attempted to show me how to "see" the *jacu* hidden in the thick branches of the trees, but I seldom caught sight of the birds until they had flown. Thus, our complementary incapacities combined to make our hunting in the tropical forest quite unproductive, and in disgust Champukwi often resorted to his bow and arrow. 'Only later in the year, after he had practiced a great deal by shooting at tin cans did Champukwi master the use of the rifle, and this new-found skill greatly added to his prestige among the Tapirapé.

My abiding friendship with Champukwi perhaps really began when I came down with malaria about six weeks after our arrival. During the first few days of my illness, I was oblivious to my surroundings. I am told that while one *pancha*, or medicine man, predicted my death, another tried to cure me by massage, by blowing tobacco smoke over my body, and by attempting to suck out the "object" that was causing the fever. Evidently his efforts—plus the atabrine tablets administered by Valentim Gomes—were successful, for my fever abated. I realized, however, that convalescence would be slow. Unable to leave the house for almost three weeks, I spent my days

114 and evenings suspended in a large Brazilian hammock. In this state of enervation, I must have been the very picture of the languid white [123] [974] man in the tropics. Each late afternoon our house became a gathering place for the Tapirapé villagers, who came not only to visit with me (communication was still difficult) but also with each other, and 123 538 to gaze upon the belongings of the *tori* (non-Indian). My illness proved to be a boon for ethnographic research. People were more patient with the sick anthropologist than with the well one. They told stories, not only for my benefit, but also to entertain each other. [713] In attempting to explain to me about a mythological culture hero, a man would find himself telling a myth to the attending audience. Thus, I heard (and saw) Tapirapé stories told as they should be—as dramatic forms spoken with vivacity and replete with mimicry of the animals that are so often characters in these folktales. With my still imperfect knowledge of Tapirapé I inevitably lost the thread of the story and it had to be retold to me more slowly.

115 Champukwi was a frequent visitor during these days of my con- 123 valescence. He came each morning on the way to his garden and 124 he became accustomed to drinking morning coffee with us. And, [512] each late afternoon after he had returned from his garden, he came "to talk"—often slowly retelling the stories and incidents that I had difficulty understanding the evening before. Several days during this period he did not work in his garden but sat for two or three hours talking. He learned when he should pause or repeat a phrase or [212] sentence in order that I might take notes. He came to understand what writing meant, discovering that what I wrote in my notebook I could repeat to him later. In time he appreciated the fact that I was not so much interested in learning the Tapirapé language as I was in comprehending the Tapirapé way of life. As so often is the case when a person understands and speaks a foreign language poorly, one communicates best with but a single person who is accustomed to one's mistakes and one's meager vocabulary. Thus, I could understand and make myself understood to Champukwi better than any [192] other Tapirapé. Moreover, because he spent long hours in our house, [126] he was learning Portuguese from Valentim Gomes, and this was an aid in helping me translate newly learned words and phrases in Tapirapé and even helped me understand his explanations of Tapirapé culture patterns. Champukwi thus consciously became my teacher, and others came to realize that he was teaching me. During

the next two months we had daily sessions, some very brief and others lasting two or more hours.

In October of 1939, some six months after my arrival, I found it necessary to leave the Village of the Tapirs to go to Furo de Pedra for supplies and to collect mail that was held there for me. Valentim Gomes and I had come up the Tapirapé River, a tributary of the Araguaia, pulled by an outboard motor belonging to an anthropological colleague who had since returned to the United States. Now we had to paddle ourselves downstream. We could expect little help from the sluggish current and since the river was so low, it might be necessary to haul our canoe through shallows. Malaria had left me weak and I doubted that I was equal to this strenuous task. Several Tapirapé men, including Champukwi, were anxious to accompany us, but having Indians with us in Furo de Pedra was not advisable. First, they were susceptible to the common cold, which among relatively uncontaminated peoples such as these American aborigines often turns into a serious, and even fatal, disease. Second, unaccustomed to clothes, money, many foods, and other Brazilian customs and forms of etiquette, they would be totally dependent upon us during our stay in this frontier community. Nevertheless, the temptation to have my best informant with me during the trip and during our stay in Furo de Pedra was great and so we agreed to take Champukwi.

The trip was made slowly. Two good frontiersmen in a light canoe could have made it in three days, but we took eight. Champukwi was of little help in the canoe; unlike the riverine tribes the Tapirapé are a forest people who know little about the water, and few of them had ever traveled by canoe. Champukwi was unusual in that he could swim. Although he had more endurance than I, his efforts at paddling endangered the equilibrium of our canoe. However, he could shoot fish with his bow and arrow. The dry season had driven game from the open savanna which borders the Tapirapé River so that we were able to kill deer, *mutum* (another species of large forest fowl), and a wild goose to supplement the less palatable fare we had brought with us. Each night we camped on a beach from which we were able to collect the eggs of a small turtle, the *tracaja*, that had been buried in the sand. Only the mosquitoes which swarmed during sundown and early evening marred our trip. The experience remains one of the most memorable

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940, 1953) 1964
SP22 Tapirape SP22

Charles Wagley

Tapirapé village which he would have hesitated to relate on home grounds. He told me of adulterous affairs in process and of the growing determination among one group of kinsmen to assassinate Urukumu, the powerful medicine man, because they suspected him of performing death-dealing sorcery.

After two weeks in Furo de Pedra, I found that it would be necessary for Valentim Gomes and me to go to Rio de Janeiro. It was not possible for Champukwi to accompany us and so I arranged for two Brazilian frontiersmen to return him to a point on the Tapirapé River from which he could easily hike to his village in a day. Valentim and I then began our slow trip up the Araguaia River to the motor road and thence to Rio de Janeiro. Two months later, rid of malaria and with a new stock of supplies, we returned to spend the long rainy months from November until the end of May in the Village of the Tapirs. Champukwi was there to welcome us, and he came each day to help repair and enlarge our house. We easily fell into our former friendly relationship, now strengthened by the experience in common of the trip to Furo de Pedra and by the feeling which many anthropologists have shared with the people of their communities—that anyone who returns is an "old friend."

My return to the village that November marked, in a sense, the end of what might be called the first phase of my relationship with Champukwi as friend and as anthropological informant. During the course of at least 200 hours of conversation (many of which may be methodologically dignified as interviews), I had learned much about Champukwi as a person as well as about Tapirapé culture. I knew that as a small boy he had come from Fish Village, where his parents had died, to live in the Village of the Tapirs. He had lived with his father's younger brother, Kamaira, who was the leader of a large household. He even confided to me his boyhood name; Tapirapé change their names several times during their lifetimes and mention of a person's first childhood name, generally that of a fish, an animal, or simply descriptive of some personal characteristic, causes laughter among the audience and considerable embarrassment to the individual. I knew that Champukwi had been married before he took his current wife, and that his first wife had died in childbirth. He revealed that her kinsmen had gossiped that her death was caused by his lack of respect for the food taboos imposed

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940, 1953) 1964
SP22 Tapirape SP22

upon an expectant father. This same set of taboos now bothered him again. A series of foods, mainly meats and particularly venison, is prohibited to fathers of infants and to husbands of pregnant women. On two excursions to the savanna (which abounds with deer) Champukwi had eaten venison. Moreover, since the Tapirapé identified cattle with deer, and thus beef with venison, he had broken the taboo several additional times by partaking also of this forbidden meat. The rather scrawny conditon of his 2-year-old daughter, he feared, resulted from his faults. Just after our return to the village in early November, his wife gave birth to a second daughter. She had a difficult delivery, and he remembered his transgressions. Several village gossips, without knowing anything about his misdeeds, had nevertheless accused him of this breach of taboo.

Champukwi's home life was not a happy one. He was frequently in conflict with his second wife, who had, indeed, considerable basis for complaint. She could not claim that he was a poor provider, for Champukwi was a good hunter and a diligent gardener. But he confided to me that he did not find her attractive, or at least not as attractive as other women in the village. Champukwi had a lusty sense of humor and enjoyed joking with Valentim and me. In this mood he told of his many extramarital affairs, which were in truth but slightly concealed. I would in any event have heard of these liaisons; he gave his paramours beads which everyone in the village knew I had given him as presents. This practice caused trouble for the women because their husbands could readily identify the source of the gifts. It also created trouble for Champukwi at home. His wife complained of his affairs and on one occasion, according to Champukwi, she attacked him, grabbing him by his pigtail and squeezing his exposed testicles until he fell helpless into a hammock. On other occasions, she retaliated in a manner more usual for a Tapirapé woman—she simply refused to carry drinking water from the creek, to cook food for him, and to allow him to sleep in the hammock which she and Champukwi shared. For a Tapirapé man to carry drinking water, to cook, or to sleep on a mat is considered ridiculously funny. In other circumstances, Champukwi would have had to seek recourse with a female relative. However, to do so would be tantamount to a public announcement of his marital difficulties; the whole village would have known, to their considerable merriment and jest. But having *tori*[A] friends in the village, Champukwi

[A] [i.e. non-Indian -- Analyst]

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940, 1953) 1964
SP22 Tapirape SP22

Charles Wagley

115 593 could come quietly to us at night to drink water, to ask for something to eat, and even to sleep in an extra hammock we had for visitors. His affairs were evidently extensive, for he once divided all [837] of the adult women of the village into two categories—those "I know how to talk with" (i.e., to seduce) and those "I do not know how to talk with." There were many with whom he "could talk."

115 123 578 [837] Unfortunately, by late November of 1939, I knew too much about Champukwi's affairs either for his comfort or for mine. His wife sometimes came to my house to ask if I knew where he had gone (I could generally guess), and once an irate husband even came to inquire of his whereabouts. His Don Juan activities had evidently increased. His friendship with me caused him trouble with other Tapirapé who were envious of the presents he received. The story was circulated that he had stolen a pair of scissors which, in fact, [164] I had given to him. Moreover, several people caught colds, and he was accused of bringing the infection from Furo de Pedra (actually it was probably transmitted by the frontiersman who had helped transport us to the village in November). Champukwi sought [345] revenge by cutting down one of the main supports of the men's house, which promptly caved in. No one died or was seriously [358] injured and the destruction of the men's house was soon forgotten since it is normally rebuilt each year. However, people continued to criticize Champukwi, much of their criticism revolving around his [184] relationship with me. There are no realms of esoteric secrets in Tapi- [562] rapé culture (as there are in many cultures) that must not be re- [196] vealed to an outsider; there is only the "secret" of the men from the women that the masked dancers are not supernatural beings but merely masquerading men, but I had been fully and openly brought into this "secret." I was, moreover, exceedingly careful in conversation never to refer to any bit of personal information that some [203] informant, Champukwi or another, had told me. But rumors were rife in the small village—that I was angry and would soon leave (I was by then a valuable asset), that Champukwi told me lies about others, that I refused to give a bushknife to a household leader because Champukwi had urged me not to do so (I refused because I had already given him one bushknife), and the like.

115 123 Champukwi reacted moodily, often violently, to this situation. I could no longer count on his visits nor on our research interviews. He now visited us with a glum look on his face, and when he was

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940, 1953) 1964
SP22 Tapirape SP22

not at once offered coffee, he left offended. But the very next day he might return, gay and joking, yet without his former patience for teaching or explaining Tapirapé culture. Once he returned tired from a hunting trip, and, irritated by his wife, he beat her with the flat side of his bushknife and marched off in anger, thoughtfully taking the family hammock and a basket of manioc flour, to sleep four nights in the forest near his garden. Soon afterwards, he left his wife to take the wife of a younger man. This did not become a major scandal in the village. After some tense yet calm words between the two men, it seemed clear that the young woman preferred Champukwi and the abandoned husband peacefully moved into the men's house. Champukwi's former wife and their two young daughters continued to live with her relatives as is the Tapirapé rule. But the switch of spouses caused tension between Champukwi and his former wife's kinsmen, and between Champukwi and the abandoned husband's kinsmen; and, to multiply his woes, he now had a new set of in-laws to satisfy. For about a month thereafter I rarely saw Champukwi; he obviously avoided our house. When we met in the village or in the men's house, he simply said that he was busy repairing his house or hunting.

Discussing emotions with someone from a culture as widely different as Tapirapé is from my own was difficult, and the language barrier was still a real one. Although my Tapirapé vocabulary was increasing, it was hardly adequate to probe deeply into emotional responses; nor was Champukwi given to introspection. I shall probably never fully understand Champukwi's temporary rejection of me, but the cause was probably both sociological and psychological. First, his apparent influence with me and our close friendship had created antagonism on the part of other villagers. By rejecting the outsider, he now hoped to reinstate himself in his own society. A second, deeper and more personal reason, contributed to his rejection of me; he had told me too much about himself, and feared that he had lost face in the process. Also, it was obvious that I was growing less dependent upon him for knowledge as my facility with the language improved and my information about the culture grew. Finally, the rejection was not one-sided. Now additional informants were desirable for my research. Also, if I remember correctly (it is not stated in my notebooks), I was annoyed by Champukwi's neglect and disappointed by his lack of loyalty.

Charles Wagley

When the heavy rains of late December and January set in, we were all more or less confined to the village as the rivers and streams rose to flood the savanna. What had been brooks in the tropical forest became wide streams, difficult, and sometimes dangerous, to ford. It rained many hours each day. The Tapirapé women and children spent most of the time in their dwellings, and the men and older boys lounged in the men's house. Our house again became a meeting place. And as this was of course an opportune time for interviewing, I joined the men in their club or entertained visitors at home. I began to see more of Champukwi—first, in the men's house and then as he again became a regular visitor at our house. Now, he brought his new (and younger) wife with him. He liked to sit up with us late at night after the other Tapirapé visitors had retired to their dwellings or to the men's house for the night-long sings that are customary during the season of heavy rains. Under the light of our gasoline lamp, we again took up our study of Tapirapé culture. Not once did he mention his period of antagonism except to complain that the Tapirapé gossip too much.

Sometime late in January there began what might be considered the second phase of my relationship with Champukwi. Our friendship was no less intimate than before, but our conversations and more formal interviews were not now as frequent. During the next months, Champukwi became almost my assistant, an entrepreneur of Tapirapé culture. He continued to provide invaluable information, but when I became interested in a subject of which he knew little, he would recommend that I talk to someone else. Though he directed me to Urukumu on the subject of medicine men or shamans, Champukwi himself related dreams he had heard other shamans tell. He explained that he did not want to become a shaman himself, for he had seen grieved relatives beat out the brains of Tapirapé shamans whom they suspected of causing a death by sorcery. He was not certain, he said, whether such shamans had actually performed sorcery; but he reasoned that any shaman might come to such an end. Champukwi did have the frequent dreams that are indicative of one's powers to become a shaman and, in some of his dreams, he saw *anchunga*, the ghosts and supernaturals who are the aids of shamans. He had told only one or two of his kinsmen about this, and he did not want it to be known throughout the village lest there be pressure on him to train for shamanism.

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940,1953) 1964
SP22 Tapirape SP22

Champukwi of the Village of the Tapir

Champukwi sketched for me the stories of Petura, the Tapirapé ancestral hero who stole fire from the King Vulture, daylight from the night owl, *genipa* (used for dye) from the monkeys, and other items for the Tapirapé. However, he persuaded Maeumi, an elder famous for his knowledge of mythology, to relate the details although he himself helped considerably to clarify for me the meaning of native phrases and to make the stories told by Maeumi more fully understandable. Champukwi also forewarned me of events that I might want to witness, events that without his warning I might have missed. Such were the wrestling matches which took place upon the return of a hunting party between those men who went on the hunt and those who remained at home. He told me of a particularly handsome basket a man had made, which I might want to add to my collection for the Brazilian National Museum. He came to tell me that a young woman in a neighboring house was in labor, thus enabling me to get a photograph of the newborn infant being washed in the stream, and he urged the men to celebrate for my benefit a ceremony which might easily have been omitted. Champukwi was no longer merely an informant. He became a participant in ethnographic research although, of course, he never thought of it in these terms. He seemed somehow to understand the anthropologist's task in studying his culture, and in the process he gained considerable objectivity about his own way of life.

Yet it must be said that Champukwi did not seem to discredit the norms, institutions, and beliefs of his own people. Although he saw Valentim and me walk safely down the path through the forest late at night, he steadfastly refused to do the same; for the path was a favorite haunt of the lonely ghosts of deceased Tapirapé who might harm the living. He reasoned that the *tori* were probably immune to this danger. When he was ill, he took the pills we urged upon him but he also called in the shaman. His curiosity about airplanes, automobiles, and "gigantic canoes" (passenger boats) which he saw pictured in the magazines we had brought with us, was great; but he boasted that the Tapirapé could walk farther and faster than any *tori* or even the Caraja (who are a canoe people). In fact, his interest in, and enthusiasm for, certain Tapirapé activities seemed to be heightened by our presence. Almost all Tapirapé ceremonials involve choral singing and Champukwi was a singing leader of one of the sections of the men's societies. He was always pleased when

Charles Wagley

115 He was always pleased when
● 123 we came to listen, particularly if we made the motions of joining in.
He was an excellent wrestler in Tapirapé style, in which each op-
[526] ponent takes a firm grip on the pigtail of the other and attempts to throw him to the ground by tripping. Our wrestling match was brief although I was much taller than he; and his match with Valentim Gomes, who outweighed him by more than forty pounds, was
[186] a draw. Unlike so many who get a glimpse at a seemingly "superior" cultural world, Champukwi never became dissatisfied with his own way of life.

122 In June of 1940, my period of residence among the Tapirapé
123 Indians ended. The waters on the savanna which had to be crossed
[101] afoot to get to the Tapirapé River where our canoe was moored had not completely receded. Many Tapirapé friends, among them Champukwi, offered to carry our baggage, made lighter after a final dis-
122 tribution of gifts, down to the river. The night before our departure
123 a festival with the usual songfest was held to celebrate the final phase
881 of a ceremony during which a youth, this time the nephew of Kamiraho, became a man. Some Brazilian tribes make this occasion
[171] an ordeal by such means as applying a frame of stinging wasps to
[301] the body of the novice, but it is characteristic of the Tapirapé that
[302] the "ordeal" consists only of decorating the youth with a headdress of magnificent red macaw feathers, painting his body elaborately, and making him the center of dancing and singing—although the
122 youth must himself dance continuously for a day and a night. Cham-
123 pukwi led the singing most of the night, but at dawn he came to our house to supervise the packing of our belongings into the basket-like cases made of palm which are used for carrying loads of any kind. He divided the baggage among the younger men. Even some of the older household leaders decided to accompany us but they, of course, did not carry anything. Our trip was slow because everyone
[501] was tired after the all-night festival and because of the water through
[481] which we had to wade. At one point, rafts had to be made to transport our baggage across a still-swollen stream. Since the Tapirapé do not swim—or, like Champukwi, they swim but poorly—it was the job of the *tori* to swim and push the rafts. I had the honor of swimming across the stream, pushing the respected chieftain, Kamiraho. (How he got back, I shall never know.) After a day and a half, we reached the landing on the Tapirapé River, and the next

morning we embarked downriver. My last memory of Champukwi was of him standing on the bank waving in *tori* style until our boat made the curve of the river.

I did not return to visit the Tapirapé until 1953, but news of them came to me at intervals. Valentim Gomes returned to the region in 1941 as an officer of the Brazilian Indian Service, and his post was charged with the protection of the Tapirapé Indians. In his first year in this capacity, he wrote me: "I report that I was in the village of the Tapirapé on the 26th of July [1941]. They were in good health and there were plenty of garden products such as manioc, yams, peanuts, and the like. There were plenty of bananas. But I am sorry to say that after we left them, twenty-nine adults and a few children have died. Fifteen women and fourteen men died. Among those who died was Champukwi, the best informant in the village, and our best friend." Several slow exchanges of letters brought further details from Valentim. In some manner, perhaps through a visit from a Brazilian frontiersman, several Tapirapé had contracted common colds. Its fatalness to them is indicated by the name they give it—*ó-ó* (*ó* is the augmentative which might be translated as "big, big"). Since they have no knowledge of the process of contagion and have not acquired immunity to the common cold, the disease spread rapidly throughout the village. The Tapirapé realized, I knew, that colds and other diseases such as measles which they had suffered before, were derived from visitors. Yet they also believed that death resulted from evil magic or sorcery. Why do some people who are very sick from colds get well, they asked, while others who are no more ill, soon die? It is only because those who die are the victims of sorcery, they had explained to me. So, following many deaths, including that of a young man like Champukwi, who enjoyed prestige and had many kinsmen, I was not surprised to learn from Valentim Gomes that the powerful shaman, Urukumu, had been assassinated. As Champukwi had told me, suspicion of Urukumu had already been growing even during my residence in the village. After the death of Champukwi, one of his many "brothers" (actually a cousin but called by the same term as brother in Tapirapé) had entered Urukumu's house late at night and clubbed him to death. To the Tapirapé, grief and anger are closely related

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940, 1953) 1964
SP22 Tapirape SP22

Charles Wagley

To the Tapirapé, grief and anger are closely related emotions and there is one word, *iwiterahú*, that describes either or both states of mind. Thus in both word and deed grief can be quickly transformed into vengeful anger.

In 1953, when I returned to the Araguaia River, I found only fifty persons, the remnants of the Tapirapé tribe, settled under the protection of the Brazilian Indian Service in a small village near the mouth of the Tapirapé River. My old companion, Valentim Gomes, was the Indian officer in charge. The history of the intervening years had been a tragic story; the Tapirapé had suffered steady depopulation from imported diseases and they had been attacked by the warlike and hostile Kayapo tribe, who had burned their village and carried off several younger women. They had been forced to leave their own territory to seek the protection of the Indian Service, and then cattle ranchers encroached upon the Tapirapé savannas, once rich with game. Champukwi was but one of the many victims of this disintegration of Tapirapé society. Upon my arrival several of Champukwi's surviving relatives met me with the traditional "welcome of tears"; to the Tapirapé, such a return mixes emotions of joy at seeing an old friend with the sadness of the memory of those who have died during the interim. Both the sadness and the joy are expressed almost ritually by crying. People spoke sympathetically to me of the loss of my friend and they brought a young man, who had been but a small boy in 1940, but who was now known as Champukwi. This boy had visited for many months, and had even studied a little, with the Dominican missionaries on the lower Araguaia River; he therefore spoke Portuguese well. He remembered my friendship with his namesake and perhaps felt, as I did, some strange bond between us. So again for a few days the name of Champukwi was entered into my notebook as my source of information on Tapirapé culture.

In the security of our studies and in the classroom, we claim that anthropology is a social science in which regularities of human behavior and of social systems are studied. But, at its source, in the midst of the people with whom the anthropologist lives and works, field research involves the practice of an art in which emotions, subjective attitudes and reactions, and undoubtedly subconscious motivations participate. Of course, the well-trained anthropologist takes all possible precautions to be objective and to maintain a detached attitude. He gathers information from a "cross section" of